

IN MEMORIAM.

THE PEOPLE OF BLOOMFIELD JOINED IN THE NATIONAL MOURNING FOR THE DEAD PRESIDENT, WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

Solemn and impressive services in the Old First Church all in full array—A unique and unprecedented service, made solemn of concordance. Memorial services are being held at this hour all over the world. London is draped in black by the order of her sovereign; the Union Jack and the American flag hang together at half-mast on every vessel of the British Navy; unique services are being held in St. Paul's, and honors never before granted to an American are being paid in Westminster Abbey to the memory of our dead. Our loss, our sorrow are the loss and sorrow of the world.

Bloomfield's historic old church, the First Presbyterian, was the scene on Thursday morning of an event that will occupy a place in the historic annals of our town. In accordance with the proclamation of the Governor of the State, and in harmony with the entire people of the country over which the late William McKinley presided as Chief Magistrate, the people of Bloomfield gathered in a memorial service in memory of the lamented President. It was a union service, termed a National Memorial service, and was held under the auspices of the Bloomfield Evangelical Union. It was an impressive service and will never pass from the memory of the hundreds of people who participated in it. Many late comers were unable to get into the church, notwithstanding that the corps of ushers made use of all the possible available space for placing extra chairs for the accommodation of the crowd.

The church pulpit was draped with American flags entwined about which were stripes of mourning crepe. A portrait of the deceased President was placed in front of the pulpit desk. The Rev. Dr. James G. Johnston of the Park M. E. Church presided, and opened the service with reading the proclamation of Governor Voorhees relating the day and also recited the burial liturgy. The Rev. Mr. Zech of the German Presbyterian Church offered a fervent prayer for the protection of our nation's rulers and the people from the evils of anarchy. The quartette then rendered Cardinal Newman's beautiful hymn "Lead Kindly Light." The fifty-seventh Psalm was read by the Rev. Charles A. Cook of the First Baptist Church, after which the congregation sang the well-known hymn "God moves in a Mysterious Way."

An impressive prayer was offered by the Rev. George A. Paul of the Westminister Presbyterian Church, and the Rev. P. G. Blight of the Watsessing M. E. Church read a scripture selection from II Corinthians. The quartette sang "Crossing the Bar," after which the Rev. George L. Curtis of the First Presbyterian Church delivered the memorial oration, and at its close the congregation sang the late President's hymn "Nearer My God to Thee." Many wept as they sang. The Rev. Elliott W. Brown of the Glen Ridge Congregational Church made the closing prayer and pronounced the benediction.

The address delivered by the Rev. Mr. Curtis was in part as follows:

Friends and fellow citizens: All Americans to-day are "with one accord in one place." There has been no such church going day in all our history. We have come to the house of God, not drawn by curiosity nor in obedience to proclamations, but in response to the impulse of deep affection, spontaneous and sincere. We are not here to applaud speeches or to listen to sermons. Flowers of rhetoric would seem strangely out of place; the phrases of daily life would utterly fail, and we'd be impatient of all attempts atatory. Our sorrow is too great for words. Silence alone is eloquence when the heart is broken.

There is a solemn hush over the whole country at this hour. The buildings of a continent are draped in black, schools are dismissed, business is suspended, wheels of railroad and trolley lines are motionless, the hum of a million voices of industry throughout the land is stilled as the mortal remains of the twenty-fifth President of the United States are borne to their last earthly resting place.

Our common grief has brought us together to express by our simple presence our honor, reverence and affection for the illustrious Chief Magistrate, so suddenly, so tragically taken from us; our horror and humiliation at so dastardly a crime as has ever darkened the pages of history, and to implore divine protection for our nation, and divine guidance this hour of sorrow and dismay.

We are here without thought of partisanship or politics, knowing no difference of age or sex, class or creed, with all distinctions of rank and station wept completely aside. The motto which our martyred President once gave, we know no class distinctions in this fair land of ours—is in our minds and hearts to-day, and Northern and Southern societies and cities unite in placing tributes on his bier. He is buried with the button of the Loyal Legion on his breast, and mourned by Confederate veterans, the last resting place of whose comrades he took under the government's care.

The laboring man feels the loss of the friend whose earnest effort it was to secure to him a living wage and a happy home; the business man, one who stood for the extension of credit and guaranteed commercial prosperity. The Indians who brought their flowers to his bier in Buffalo, are one in grief with the school children of Canton who could not be kept from letting fall their

tears on his coffin.

Tens of thousands within the last few days have stood hushed and silent in the pouring rain for hours to see his body pass through their tears. Not since the death of Lincoln have men so mourned.

Now is this nation alone in its sorrow in this service. The expressions of appreciation and sympathy have been worldwide. Every ruler and nation, from Pope Leo XIII to the people of the Pacific Islands, have sent their messages of condolence. Memorial services are being held at this hour all over the world. London is draped in black by the order of her sovereign; the Union Jack and the American flag hang together at half-mast on every vessel of the British Navy; unique services are being held in St. Paul's, and honors never before granted to an American are being paid in Westminster Abbey to the memory of our dead. Our loss, our sorrow are the loss and sorrow of the world.

These tributes are as appropriate as they are impressive. The one whom we mourn to-day was no ordinary man, but one who in his character, embodied the highest ideals of the Republic; in his career rendered most conspicuous service to his country; made a deep and wide mark upon the history of his time, and deserved the highest appreciation, love and lasting gratitude of his countrymen.

As citizens of this Republic, we mourn him who was the representative of this nation and head of our government. In a most tragic and terrible manner our President has been taken from us. With not an enemy in the whole world he was murdered because he held the office to which we had elected him. Our country was assailed in him. Our lives, liberty, happiness and institutions were attacked by a foe of society, by one bitterly hating all law and government, our homes and all they hold, and the heritage of our fathers more precious to us than life itself, by one who now dwelt beneath the protection of the law which he defied and endeavored to destroy. No other motive was given; there was no shadow of excuse, no palliation of the crime. Three times in the last thirty-six years has such a terrible tragedy been enacted. Lincoln fell when passions were inflamed by war, and section was arrayed against section; Garfield, when there was dissension in a great political party and disunion sought revenge. The murder of President McKinley was the act of a Judas, and the assassin stood for anarchism. The President of our selection and mine, the representative of this people, no tyrant, but a friend to a friend, not requesting but demanding that his name be dropped. In public or in private life the world has seen no more touching example of conjugal love and tenderness than that which he ever showed to his invalid wife, in whose crushing sorrow we all share. His friendship was proved by the sacrifice of his entire fortune in the effort to save one dear to him from bankruptcy.

The courtesy of a Christian gentleman was in him ever conspicuous. One of the most striking photographs of President shows him stopping in a military camp to allow a little girl to take a snap shot at him with her Kodak. The working men found in him the sympathy and cordiality of one who was himself used to labor. A bitter opponent of his political policy, but a warm admirer of his character, declared that the President's considerate treatment of his enemies put him to embarrassment. And those who stood by him at the moment of his assassination have testified to the look of sorrow and pity, not scorn and hatred, which he gave to the wretch who took his life.

He grew immeasurably in moral grandeur to our eyes during the last eight days of his life. How our admiration deepened into reverence and softened into affection as we saw the courage and calmness with which he faced the "last great enemy, Death." This people will never forget those three inquiries following one another in swift succession as soon as he was shot, as to the welfare of his wife, the safety of his assassin, and the pleasure of the public.

Even at that moment his thoughts were not of himself but of others, even of him who had wantonly wronged him. The spirit of Him who said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," was in the prayer, "Don't let them hurt him," and his last words, "God's will, not ours, be done," breathed the agony of the Garden. Patriot, patriot, man and brother, husband and friend, true gentleman, Christian hero—thank God for such a model, for such an American!

The crime could not have been greater, more deliberate, despicable, diabolical. He had borne his faculties so meek, hath been so clear in his great office that his virtues will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against the deep damnation of his taking off.

Our loss could not be deeper, more personal, more profound. But God is not dead. He still rules and overrules, bringing good out of evil, beauty and perfume out of muck and mire, and "maketh even the wrath of man to praise Him." We are a "Chosen People" as truly as was the Hebrew nation of old; chosen to set the example of righteousness, to carry the light and liberty to the world. God's plan and purpose for this people have not been thwarted, and are still unchanged.

He expanded its territory and increased its population and influence to an extent of which the founders of this Republic never dreamed. The manner of his death has placed him in a great trinity with Lincoln and Garfield. He may not have had the wisdom of Washington, the faith and far-seeing eyes of Lincoln, the quiet force and dogged tenacity of Grant; but he united commanding qualities in such numbers and to such a degree that by their combination he may be justly styled great. Simple, sincere, sympathetic, approachable, affable, large hearted and broad minded, he was first and last an American.

If "Let us have peace" phrased the spirit of Grant's administration, President McKinley's public life expressed more loudly than words, "Let us have prosperity" and "Let our light shine for all mankind." Under his leadership we have given freedom to Cuba, education to Porto Rico, and through his appointment we will yet give a Christian civilization to the Islands of the Sea. It was his voice raised high above the wrangling and cruelty of European powers which secured justice for conquered China.

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miration of his spirit, in acceptance of the results of his labor. We may

judge of his statesmanship by the spans that at first seized the world, but his policy should be changed by his successor, and the relief we now feel at its promised continuance, no less than by the affection, sincere, profound and personal with which we mourn his loss.

We may safely leave his fate to the judgment of posterity, confident that when viewed through the perspective of history he will be loved standing in the forefront of our national leaders, "one of the few, the immortal names that were not born to die." We are proud of the heroes of our past, but future generations will yet say of our time, "There were giants in the land in those days." We have looked upon the face of one; his footprints are here for us still to follow. A great American is gone!

A good man is gone! We mourn the man William McKinley, even more than the President. "He was a man/凡人也," we shall not look upon his like again." It was moral greatness that raised him to the conspicuous position which he held; it was moral greatness that won for him the hearts of his countrymen. We revere his memory for the beauty of his character: simple, sincere, unaffected, true. He was a superb specimen of the finest type of Americanism, a characteristic product of our institutions of which we are justly proud. The poverty of his early days acted only as an incentive to earnest effort. It was fidelity in every station, as soldier, teacher, lawyer, legislator, that led to his promotion and swift success. His integrity was unimpeachable, his honor never assailed. Men might bitterly oppose his policy; his character was never assailed. There was no "mad throwing" in any campaign in which he was a candidate. He was above using it, and to him it could never stick.

We learned with a thrill of pride that he left only a small fortune behind him, and that mainly in savings banks. So sensitive was his conscience, so great was his horror of using public office for personal profit! But his "good name" is rather to be chosen than great riches." On the floor of the National Convention of his party he twice refused to be a candidate for the Presidency because his support was pledged to a friend, not requesting but demanding that his name be dropped. In public or in private life the world has seen no more touching example of conjugal love and tenderness than that which he ever showed to his invalid wife, in whose crushing sorrow we all share. His friendship was proved by the sacrifice of his entire fortune in the effort to save one dear to him from bankruptcy.

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